

BOOST  
THE

# The Greyhound

GARDEN  
PARTY

Vol. I, No. 14

Baltimore, Md., June 1, 1928

Loyola College

## FESTIVAL PLANS TAKE SHAPE

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

F. T. M., JR.

The Physics Laboratory is a virtual "bee-hive" since the Reverend Professor's requirements have been announced.

Quite a few students are wondering if, in reality, there was a ball game scheduled with St. Joseph's. There appears to be a fly in the ointment somewhere. April 19th, mix-up in schedule; May 19th, rain.

Heard at the presentation and blessing of the Senior Class Tree of '28: "I'll bet the Senior Class of '29 presents a magnolia bush next year."

Were this publication to install a lost and found column, in capital letters would it print: "LOST—CLASS NIGHTS AND A PROMISE OF A SCHOOL NIGHT."

The Seniors give promise of adding to the distinction which Loyola has for conducting wonderful dances by the manner in which they are arranging for their Senior Ball. The element of exclusion is bound to add dignity to the affair.

The decision of the Loyola High School-City College debate last week was awarded to Brindly Mills, of the affirmative. Mr. Mills won the decision of the judges by applying the theory under discussion to the predicament he is facing in collecting for the college annuals.

Clipped from an account of the Loyola-Washington College baseball game: "Healy ended the inning by flying to center." It is the writer's regret that he never witnessed one of Big Ed's aerial attempts. Remember what happened to Icarus.—Ed.

The Loyola-Fordham Debate, as an experimentation regarding the feasibility of the gym, was a success. Educate the people to come to Evergreen for things at Evergreen.

### FRESHMEN FAST OF FOOT

To the tune of 41-39 the Freshmen showed their heels to Loyola High School in a track meet held recently at Evergreen. Sadusk starred for the Freshies, while Chisel McGee bore the brunt of the High School's vain but valiant efforts.

### FATHER AYD SPEAKS TO NUMEROUS GROUPS ON "CRIME" TOPICS

Loyola Dean Considered Expert  
Throughout Country; Once  
Pen Chaplain

Inaugurated Sociology Course at  
Loyola; Author of Several  
Works

Loyola bids fair to produce an unusual number of psychiatrists, criminologists and sociologists.

The introduction into the curriculum of an extensive and extended course in sociology under the professorship of the Rev. Joseph J. Ayd, S. J., dean and nationally recognized authority on criminology, was one of the major accomplishments of the institution during the scholastic year.

Father Ayd, who was for many years chaplain of the Maryland Penitentiary, is the author of several sociological works. Numerous magazine and newspaper syndicates have sought his articles for publication.

Father Ayd's course at Loyola included not only the theoretical study of the subject but a number of visits to penal institutions and institutions for the insane.

Since entering the office of dean at Loyola, Father Ayd has addressed a number of business organizations, judicial bodies, social service groups and various clubs in Baltimore and vicinity.

The most notable of these lectures were as follows: "Social Service Work in Prisons", given before the Social Service Committee of the Catholic Federated Alumnae at Mercy Hospital; "The Making of the Criminal," before the Cumberland Rotary Club; "Modern Penal Treatment," delivered before the Towson Rotary Club, and "Psychology and the Criminal" before members of the Exchange Club at the Southern Hotel.

Father Ayd was recently invited to deliver another address before the Cumberland Rotary Club, but was forced to decline because of the press of other matters. This is an excerpt from a letter he received from the Rotary Club of Cumberland.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Father Ayd:

I again want to thank you on behalf of our club members for the interesting address delivered to us.

It was delightful to have you with us, and we hope we may again look forward to this pleasure.

Yours very truly,

EUGENE BOWERS,

Secretary.

### CRIME EXPERT



Rev. J. J. Ayd, S.J.

### FRESHMAN DEBATERS LOSE TO FORDHAM

Loyola's Freshman Debating Team closed a most successful season Friday night with a creditable exposition of forensic skill in opposing a formidable delegation from the Freshman Class of Fordham University.

The affair was one of the first attempts to use the gymnasium at Evergreen for occasions of this kind. The efforts of both teams were complimented by an attendance rather above the number expected for the occasion.

The question was, Resolved: "That the United States Should Cease to Protect by Armed Force, American Investments in Foreign Countries, Except after Formal Declaration of War."

Fordham upheld the affirmative side. Loyola defended the negative.

Continued on Page 4, Col. 3

### JUNE FETE WILL BE CLIMAX OF AFFAIRS FOR SCHOOL YEAR

New Ford to Be Donated as  
Feature Event; Attractive  
Designs for Booths

Stanislaus Cook Chairman of General  
Committee; to Be Held on  
Four Nights

Social activities at Loyola will swing into a whirlwind climax with the "June Festival at Evergreen" on the nights of June 18, 19, 20 and 21.

This colossal bazaar will be held for the benefit of the Athletic Association and is to be handled by those who made the Athletic Association card party the huge success it was.

Plans have been in the state of formulation for two months and at the last meeting, on May 17, splendid progress was reported.

The feature of the festival will be the disposal of a new Ford—to be donated to the one holding the lucky number. Subscribers' books are now out on this added attraction.

The chairmanship of the General Committee has been entrusted to Stanislaus Cook.

The Ladies' Committee is headed by Mrs. Hugh Kavanagh and Mrs. Gertrude Horigan. Both Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Horigan are widely known throughout the city for their tireless interest and enthusiasm in affairs for Loyola.

Mr. Hugh Kavanagh has designed an attractive plan for the booths, which will be arranged on the athletic field.

Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Margaret Rutter will serve supper in the gymnasium. Half of the gym-

Continued on Page 4, Col. 2

## Foreign Recognition Awarded Loyola Man

They say that a genius must die to be recognized. The contention exists that Shakespeare died in want. His own people and his own generation did not appreciate his efforts.

We offer the exception to the rule. There appeared in the November issue of the GREYHOUND a poetic effort dedicated to the Emerald Isle. It passed unnoticed.

So far the rule regarding the genius holds true. But lo and be-

hold, from across the briny deep comes the lilting song of just and worthy praise in the form of a substantial pecuniary consideration and an entreaty for "more, more."

With customary modesty he tucked the check away and said nothing more about it. It was by accident that we came upon this knowledge.

Resting serenely in the center of the page, surrounded by Gaelic, it

Continued on Page 4, Col. 2

## The Greyhound

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## OLD CALVERT STREET — — NEW EVERGREEN

Our late Cardinal was once quoted as having said that the great advantage of having attained a ripe old age was, that one whose life had extended beyond the allotted three score and ten, might look upon the past realizing that he had lived and known those times which others knew only from tradition or from the written work; but, even before advanced years are reached, one may look back upon happy times which the years have mellowed without having taken entirely from them their first flavor. And so we may look back upon the early days of what has been described as the third stage of Loyola's development. The first stage was the establishment of the College on Holliday Street. The second, the removal to Calvert Street, and the third, the erection of the south wing on Calvert Street. The fourth was the beginning of Evergreen. We do not know of the first and second. Our experience began with the third stage.

### High School

It is nearly twenty-eight years since a group of first year high school boys entered the bright, new building at the foot of the Monument Street hill. We were all thrilled with a certain amount of awe and wonder at the prospect of high school studies. We had come from various sections of the city and county, where we had passed through our grade schools with the boys whom we had known, in the main, since our tottling days. Here in this bright new building we met for the first time a number of those who were then strangers. We felt that we had attained an ambition nurtured through our grammar school course and, at last, had reached the high school.

### Father Morgan

Well do I remember the interview which preceded my acceptance as a student—kind old Father Morgan, discouraging my entrance because he thought I was too young, and my drawing myself up to make the most of my few inches in an effort to look a bigger boy than I was, and then the happiness which I experienced when finally I found that I might enter. The first few days' recollection are hazy. Only one

thing standing out vividly. My first encounter with the Loyola High School professors. An encounter in which I came off second best and was privileged to spend an hour in Jug writing verses from some now-forgotten author.

A few days after the beginning of the scholastic year a great celebration was held, the dedication of the new building. We remember that His Eminence was present and that there were no classes that afternoon. Those were the high spots of the day. A minor incident was a third year high school boy declaiming Hamlet's Soliloquy as Horace might or might not have written it. It would be interesting today to see the copy from which that boy memorized—Esse Vel Non Esse. Shortly after the dedication came a division of the first year class which brought some of us under the tutelage of Father Purtell.

### No White Hair

In those days he did not have the white hair which marks him nor were those fingers which educate the mutes so agile as now, but that wonderfully kind understanding was present and undoubtedly was manifest in the efforts which the class put forth to learn the cases of Rosa, the tenses of Amo, and the laborious translation of Deus Creavit Coelum Et Terram Intra Sex Dies. One small boy of that small class has particular reason to remember the classroom wherein he labored with his Latin and Greek and his English. Father Purtell seemed to think that this small boy, and he was very small, indeed, was about to set a record for his lack of stature, and month by month made a little nick in the framing of the door with his penknife, showing the rather discouraging failure of the boy to grow physically while he was trying to grow mentally.

### New Laurels

That was the year in which the students added to the laurels of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado, in which a prominent insurance agent paraded as Ko-Ko, followed by a tall and stately umbrella bearer, who is now a member of the Jesuit Mission Band in the West. In the chorus of Japanese gentlemen was an em-

## PRIVATE LIFE OF HECUBA

Hecuba:

"Since you ask, monsieur, I *don't* feel so well. But tell me, O tell me, how can I get at this low fellow Polymestor? He has killed my boy." Agamemnon:

"The wretch! I've always distrusted him since he traded me a blind horse for that clock I had. The one that wouldn't run more than ten minutes without winding. But listen, he's spending the week-end here—that's all he ever spends—and you can see him— See, he's coming now! You're in luck. I'll hie me hence. So long!"

Hecuba:

"Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha! Aha!"

(Exit Agamemnon.)

(Enter Polymestor and two sons.)

Polymestor:

"Well, well, Hecuba. How are you?"

Hecuba:

"So, so, Poly. How're you and the kids? How's Polydorus?"

Polymestor:

"Just fine, Hecuba. He's a big lad now. He was getting ready for a frat-dance when I left home."

Hecuba (aside):

"Liar! Polydorus never could dance. (To Polydorus.) And how's our gold?"

Polymestor:

"Great, Hec, great! I've got it invested in Russian bonds paying ten per cent."

Hecuba (aside):

"Double liar! Russians never pay anything. (To Polymestor.) Listen, Poly, I have a big secret to tell you. It's about some more gold. Bring your boys and come over in the tent. These Greek dames are always rubbing around, and I don't want them to hear us."

Polymestor:

"All right, let's go!"

(They enter a fair-sized, rather dirty tent, pitched in the center of the stage. A sign outside informs the audience, if any, that within, "Madame Cassandra, the seventh daughter of the seventh son of the Queen of Egypt, reveals the past, present and future for six drachmae, several odd obols, piasters, kopecks, or what have you?" At present, Cassandra is at home, darning a few cesti for Agamemnon. Hecuba, unknown to Polymestor, has secreted her Trojan dames within the tent.)

Continued on Page 3, Col. 1

bryo Bishop, several who were afterwards to make names for themselves as parish priests, physicians, lawyers, and in other professions. In those days Ziegfeld had not created a Follies, else a number of the higher-voiced youngsters doing duty in the chorus as maids, might have been given tryouts on Broadway.

In the basement of the building in those days we had a gymnasium, in which the architect, with a total lack of understanding, had lined the walls with lockers and racks for dumbbells and Indian clubs. Today all architects know that no wooden locker is so constructed that its panels will resist the impact of a medicine ball. That has been learned from the experience of the lookers-on in that gymnasium. Architects know, too, that dumbbell racks have an unhappy faculty for bruising heads that are bumped into them, a knowledge also evolved from the experience of those boys who used that gymnasium.

### The Old Yard

In the yard, as we called it, under an old shed, long since removed, was a punching bag and a set of parallel bars, which, at any recreation hour, he, whose office is now visited by delinquent students of the college, was wont to perform. The long porch extending down the entire side of the yard was supported by columns which became pillories for those who insisted upon breaking the rules of the yard. How many recreations some of us have spent standing beside posts, perhaps patiently penitent, but more likely raging inwardly at a prefect who curtailed our precious liberty.

Later years in the High School were marked by the advent of a new president, Father Quirk, and by a happy year spent under the direction of the present president of Georgetown. Those years took their toll and, when after the completion of our High School course, we assembled to enter our Freshman year, our ranks had been depleted sadly. Gone was the chap to whom the writing of Latin themes was but a trifling exercise and whose advice

on themes was at the disposal of any member of the class. Gone was the youngster, who in later manhood so signally distinguished himself that he now wears the purple of the Papal household. Different, indeed, was the outward demeanor of those who were electing to continue through college, that training begun in Loyola High School.

### Happy-Go-Lucky Boys

Inwardly, of course, they were still happy-go-lucky boys; but outwardly they gave evidence of seeming to think that theirs was, indeed, a grave responsibility. That Freshman year was the year of the Golden Jubilee, which some members of that class remember as having been immediately preceded by a disturbance at a lunch hour, as a result of which one of the class narrowly missed terminating his career as a student, and because of which reprimands were handed out most generously to a score or more.

In later years came as one of our professors, he who for years was the historian of Loyola and the repository of Loyola traditions, Father John Ryan. He also came, who later designed and perfected the equipment of the present Evergreen Science Building, Father Henry McLaughlin, and Father Patrick Casey, Father Joseph I. Ziegler, and some who now are reaping the reward of lives well spent in the education of Catholic manhood.

### Dear Memory

Many are the incidents which come back, tumbling one upon another, each with its joys and some with their sorrows, when one sits and gazes into the smoke of a pipe and sees bright faces of boys whom time has scattered or death removed. Those incidents are fresh enough to be vividly painted and yet of sufficient age to be mellowed by the years which have passed so quickly. Those are the times which we think of when we see the present student body. And when we gaze upon the young men of today's Loyola, our dearest wish is that they, too, may store up their experiences and be able to look back upon them with the same happiness as our experience gives us.

# BASEBALL



## SOPHOMORES TRIM FRESHIES IN FAST MOUND SKIRMISH

The annual Freshman-Sophomore baseball game was featured by the brilliant performance of the Sophomore pitcher-Babe Ruth combination, Aquin Feeney.

Walking the first man, instead of getting rattled, which would be the usual thing to do, he struck out the next ten.

And then, in the course of the melee he garnered four hits in four trips to the plate to score three times.

Cunis, for the Freshmen, batted in the only earned run the rookies got and also contributed the fielding feature of the event, making an aesthetic one-hand catch of a misjudged liner.

The Sophomores seemed to be able to score at will, except during the second period. The offerings of Rob, Rodowskas and Tierney seemed to be no puzzle to their domineering brothers.

Eleven hits were tallied by the Sophs. Four was the best the Frosh could do. Wee Willie Rob, of the Freshman contingent, struck out eight during the course of events. Struck by remorse of conscience, he tried to even matters up by walking four.

Out of sympathy for the Freshmen the score has been reserved until last, 15-4.

### FRESHMAN

	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Salamone, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Niederding, ss.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Feldpush, ss.....	1	1	0	1	1	1
Cunnis, lf.....	3	0	1	1	0	0
Rodow'kas, cf.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Green, lb.....	4	0	1	4	0	1
Patro, cf.....	2	1	1	1	0	0
Watson, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Tierney, rf.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Saunders, c.....	4	1	0	10	0	0
Rob, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
	31	4	4	18	5	3

### SOPHOMORE

	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Cartwright, c.....	3	3	1	13	0	3
Kurek, lb.....	4	2	0	4	0	0
O'Donnell, ss.....	3	2	1	1	0	0
Intrieri, 3b.....	3	3	2	0	2	1
Rodgers, 2b.....	4	1	2	0	1	0
Evering, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Knott, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Cies'ki, ss, rf.....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Feeney, p.....	4	3	4	1	2	2
Wills, lb.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hild, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Kieft, 2b.....	1	0	1	0	1	0
	35	15	11	21	6	6

### PRIVATE LIFE OF HECUBA

Continued from Page 2, Col. 4

Polymestor:

"Oooh, you dirty low down \*\*\* \*! ?! \*!||—\$!!! ? \*? ???" (Supply your choice.)

(Much noise is heard within. Finally, Hecuba, Polydorus and the Trojan women come out of the tent. Hecuba and her assistants shout and dance in fiendish glee, while Polymestor plays blindman's buff—and he gets buffed aplenty!)

(Enter Agamemnon.)

Agamemnon:

"Here, you're disturbing the peace! Why this unseemly tumble? I'll have you charged with disorderly conduct, which like the name of Charity, covers a multitude of sins. Stop it, I say! What's the trouble?"

Polymestor:

## GREYHOUNDS TALLY HIGH WITH TWO WINS ON TRIP

As we go to press we hear that the baseball team played several good games while on their trip.

The first game with Albright went to 14 innings before Loyola was finally declared winner. Dudley went the regular nine innings with the exception of the last two outs, at which time Childs took up the burden and left a man stranded on second to end the regular playing period with a 4-4 tie.

Loyola's hopes soared when they succeeded in scoring 4 runs in their half of the 11th, but Albright would not give in so easily and retaliated with a like number. The 12th and 13th innings saw a stellar brand of baseball, but the Greyhounds were not to be denied and after pushing across 3 runs in the first half of the 14th held their opponents scoreless to win the game.

In this game the fielding honors were given to "Sharkey" Kane, brilliant shortstop of the Loyola club, while the timely and consistent hitting of "Utz" Twardowicz and Pete Monahan were in a great measure responsible for the victory.

The St. Joe game played on Friday found Loyola leaving the field on the long end of a 6-2 count. Schap, as usual, pitched a steady, and for the most part, an airtight brand of baseball.

Childs, evidently worn out somewhat from the gruelling finish of the Albright game, was no puzzle for the fast stepping Villa Nova team, who were able to hit him at will—at the same time holding Loyola's heavy artillery helpless. Schap, who had pitched the day before, relieved Harry, but the need of a fresh pitcher was made conspicuous by his absence. The final score of this Waterloo affair goes on record as 11-4.

Coach George Helfrich could not be reached at this writing. Probably he was playing that Albright game all over again for the benefit of some of his admiring friends, and trying to eke a moral victory out of the Villa Nova affair.

Let us say here that Coach Helfrich deserves all the praise we are capable of giving for his splendid showing so far this season.

"What's the trouble? Trouble enough! These (censored) women beguiled me into yonder habitation and therein slew my sons and gouged out my, mv, mind you, MY optical organs! Not only that, they held them before my face, so that I must needs peer into my own eyes! Trouble, says you? Trouble enough, indeed!"

Agamemnon (chidingly to Hecuba):

"Hecuba, Hecuba, I fear you will carry your girlish pranks too far one of these days!"

Polymestor:

"What! Girlish pranks!!! Blllll bbbb—gurgle-glub-blub!!!"

(He tries to speak, but since the time allotted to the play is growing short, he expires instead, and is dragged off by a stagehand.)

Continued in Next Issue

## PLAN REBUILDING PROGRAM

Loyola College, Los Angeles, California, under the leadership of its zealous president, Rev. Joseph A. Sullivan, S. J., is planning a new university comprising a group of fifteen buildings, representing an expenditure of \$15,000,000 when completed. Construction will begin soon on the Engineering Building, the first of the group to be erected. The site, occupying an expanse of 100 acres, is the gift of Harry H. Culver and associates, developers of Culver City. We learn from *The Loyolan* that enthusiasm is running high, as the students are working whole heartedly toward raising their quota for the Engineering Unit.

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## BUCKNELL MAN WINS LEWISBURG CONTEST

Lee Francis Lybarger, Jr., of Bucknell, was declared winner in the semi-finals of the Fourth National Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held at Bucknell Hall, Bucknell University.

The contestants appeared in the following order: Adolph M. Wasilifsky, Loyola College, Baltimore; Lee Francis Lybarger, Jr., Bucknell University, Lewisburg; Harryman Dorsey, George Washington University; D. Grove Moler, West Virginia University; James Gallagher, St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, and Samuel E. Witchell, Waynesburg College, Pa.

Adolph Wasilifsky, the Loyola representative, failed to place after weathering the College and State elimination.

### FOREIGN RECOGNITION

*Continued from Page 1, Col. 4*

appeared in the St. Patrick's Day Issue of the *Irish Weekly Independent*, a leading Dublin publication, and below the poem was the name, Hugh Allen Meade.

For your appreciation, here it is again.

### JUNE FETE

*Continued from Page 1, Col. 4*

nasium space will be reserved for cards, over which Mrs. Gertrude Horgan will preside.

Other workers are the Misses Katherine McGraw, Mary Graf, Margaret Reuter, Rose Murray, Eleanor Hines, Helen Byrne and Agnes Reuter, Mrs. Hanlon, Mrs. J. P. Crouse and Mrs. Rose Lanahan.

## An Alumnus's View

When the writer was informed he was to have the honor of writing an editorial for the *GREYHOUND*, he inquired about what he was to write, and the genial editor's reply sounded like the old gag—"About 500 words." However, it is not hard to write about Loyola. The difficulty lies in selecting the angle from which to approach.

Our winning baseball team is the subject which stands out first, and it is a mighty pleasant one to contemplate. In spite of the fact that Friday afternoon keeps many of us, who are not of the affluent or golfing class, pretty close to our desks, conspiracies have been overheard having to do with certain Alumni going out the back door to see the ball team in action.

Next in order, all of us are looking forward to the coming Fall. Right here let it be said that there was nothing in the showing of the football team last year to cause students or Alumni to go around hanging their heads in shame. Many times we saw Loyola football of the finest quality, and we are going to see a great deal more of it during the coming season.

Due to the notable work of a little group of men in the Athletic Association, football has been stabilized, and we are ready to go forward with more steady if less spectacular strides. It is up to the rest of us to attend the games, all of them, and to make a little noise after we get there. Some of us are still talking about the Fall of 1926, and we may be pardoned for repeating an oft-told tale when it is recalled that not so many years ago we were lucky to see an occasional football team in the High School. In fact, the heathen on the outside for the most part could not be disabused of the idea that Loyola in its entirety was a high school and nothing more.

But to return to the Fall of 1926, the game that gave some of Loyola's followers their greatest thrill, because it was their initial one, was the Catholic University game at Washington. A handful of Loyola rooters were lost in a large and enthusiastic crowd of supporters of Catholic U. A feeling of striving for the impossible, born of long years of no football and a year or two of defeat, hung like a jinx upon them and appeared to be perched upon the team. Then, when Loyola swept their opponents off their feet, the gentlemen who stood on the peaks of Darien and beheld a new ocean had nothing on them. They were witnessing the fulfillment of hopes long deferred, and Loyola had found itself. A week later they were not surprised to see the team confounding not only Hopkins, but the croakers within the walls as well. The commencement exercises and the Jubilee Mass afford an excellent opportunity for the Alumni to get back to the old associations. And finally one of the greatest means of cooperation was touched upon by Father Wiesel at the smoker: "Alumni, send your sons to Loyola, and if you have none of your own, direct someone else's sons to the solid education and the deeper benefits that Loyola has given to you."

CHARLES S. LERCH, '11.

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### FRESHMAN DEBATERS

*Continued from Page 1, Col. 3*

The arguments waxed fast and furious—and, after the smoke of battle had cleared away, the decision was awarded by a vote of two to one to the boys from Fordham. The victory marked the sixth consecutive win for Fordham's team this season.

The speakers for Loyola were John de Val. Patrick, Joseph A. Watson and William Carr. The Fordham representatives were John Lane, Thomas Hurley and William O'Donnell. O'Donnell was adjudged the best speaker of the evening.

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